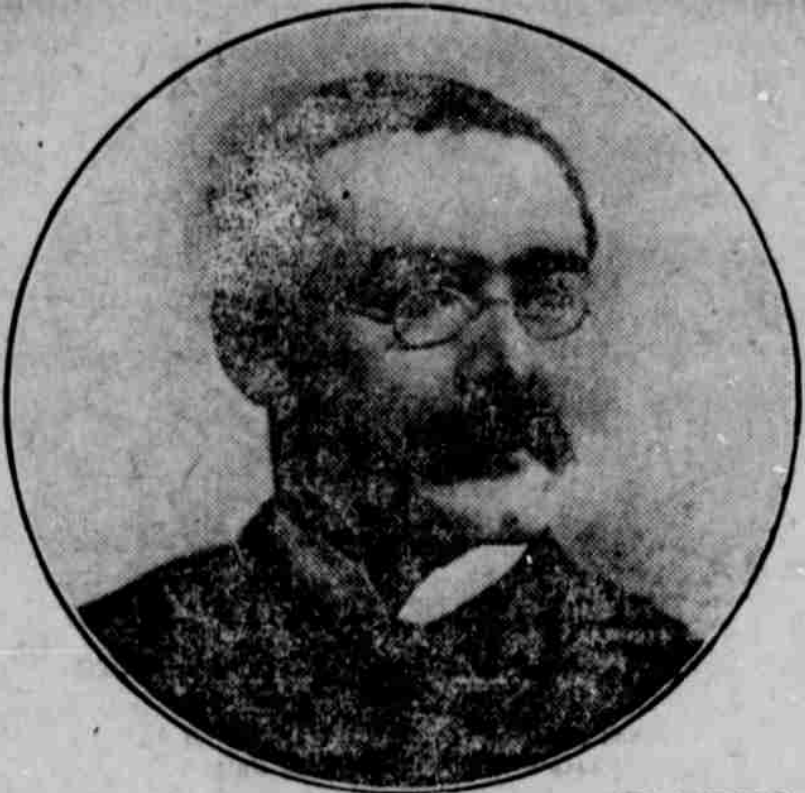


# FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



**RUDYARD KIPLING**  
The Greatest Living English Author

A small man, tanned and bronzed to a clear light mahogany, squarely built, with broad shoulders, keen blue eyes, heavy straight eyebrows, a thick dark mustache and square resolute jaw, dressed in clothes that shout defiance to fashion plates—this is Rudyard Kipling. Alive, alert, aggressive and intense, quick in movement, a bit cynical and quizzical, he at first suggests one thoroughly self-satisfied; one who is his own court of appeals.

At Bombay, the most cosmopolitan city of Asia, Kipling was born in Christmas week of 1865. His father was an Englishman, a professor of architectural sculpture in a Bombay college, and when Rudyard was six he was shipped back to England to be educated. At thirteen he entered the United Service College at Westward Ho, under the direction of old Indian officers. The atmosphere was military and Indian, and was doubtless a potent factor in coloring the mind of the boy, who acquired more by unconscious absorption than by direct study. It is true that he carried off the prizes in English literature in a matter-of-fact kind of way, as if it were his assigned duty of the plunder; but otherwise revealed no symptoms of genius.

At seventeen he went to India to work on the "Civil and Military Gazette" at Lahore, where his talent began to be recognized in a half patronizing way by the editor-in-chief. Strange, however, the "Plain Tales from the Hills" which gave him his first European success, and his "Departmental Ditties" were accepted under protest, to humor the boy, rather than for any literary merits discovered.

A man of supreme individuality, he has the splendid courage of his convictions. He dared to look England into a light when the Boer war seemed to him imperative, he accused the country he loved for her treatment of her soldiers, he inspired those soldiers by his stirring, tingling lines and martial romances, while Alfred Austin, the Laureate, was writing pink-lemonade verses guaranteed to offend no one. Then came his magnificent "Recessional"—a new classic added to our literature.

Kipling is the apostle of the strenuous; he loves color and paints it with force; he is thrilled by struggle, by power, by conquest. He shows man with the primal instincts and passions, nature unvarnished. He is often blunt to brutality, fearless to the point of frenzy, but always sincere, and always best when he lets the Oriental in his nature keep him close to the India he has reared to the world as no other English writer has ever done.

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worn stone into the river below, forming a mimic cataract some thirty feet wide and near on to fifty feet high."

This novel, by the way, is one of the three-deck variety, but the author compassionately informs the gentle reader what pages of moral philosophy, abstract meditation and descriptive bits he may easily skip and still follow the narrative. Lonz Powers, the hero of the tale, was Alonzo Pennington, a famous freebooter who flourished in the early forties. Mr. Weir has him to kidnap a picnicking party of Hopkinsville belles and kept them captive in a cave under Pilot Rock. This incident is more interesting than true, in spite of its being often related as an actual achievement of Pennington's adventures career.

But Pennington in real life might have furnished material for a dozen novels. He was a stealer of slaves without a peer; his skill at circulating counterfeit money—made by an auxiliary band at Cave-in-Rock, Southern Illinois—was astonishing; no farmers were sure they owned horses unless they were astride the animals; and he was an adept at the gentle art of murder. Pennington was a son of Francis P. Pennington, a man of wealth and influence, who served the county for many years as High Sheriff. Alonzo was well educated, accomplished in many ways, attractive in appearance and dignified in bearing but he was a born rogue and "as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat."

Under his secret leadership, and with Pilot Rock as the base of operation, his robber band, by stealing horses and slaves, "shoving the queer" and plundering upon the highway, made the countryside unsafe and property of doubtful value. The crime wave he set in motion had its culmination in 1854 with the murder of Simon Davis, whose body was robbed of \$1500., and pitched in a so called Bottomless Pit in North Christian.

Then rose a band of regulators, virtuous night-riders—who took the law in their own hands and by lash and rope rid the county of suspicious characters. Pennington fled to Texas, where in the following year he was recognized by Col. James Bourland, a former citizen of Hopkinsville, who was making a speech as a candidate for congress. He hailed Pennington, who denied his identity, backed out of the audience and disappeared. He was tracked to Indian Territory and captured at a dance for which he was furnishing music with his fiddle. When he was returned to Hopkinsville a mob gathered to lynch him but was dissuaded by the eloquence of the Hon. James F. Buckner, later a prominent citizen of Louisville. He was promptly tried, sentenced to be hanged; and executed in Hopkinsville in the presence of thousands of people. Pilot Rock, his old haunt, and is no longer a robbers' den, although a revenue officer paid it a visit a few weeks ago, and besides enjoying the spectacle it afforded as a freak of nature, incidentally captured a moonshiner.

One of the marvels of the curiosity is gone. In spite of Mr. Weir's claim of its enduring stability, it has been shaken and mightily. At one time, on its pinnacle, there was a famous Balancing Rock, so perfectly poised that daring youngsters used it as a teeterboard. During the time of the Charleston earthquake a great fissure was made, and Balancing Rock toppled from its pedestal and thundered to its bottom. T. C. UNDERWOOD.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

## GO TO McCormick's Barber Shop

FOR  
a Smooth Shave and  
Up-to-date Hair Cut.

Hot or Cold Baths

Barbers: Walter McConnell and  
J. Blanton Wiggins.

Jenkins Building  
Carlisle St. Marion, Ky.

## MARRIAGE LICENCE

R. L. King to Miss Lula Hughes.  
R. H. Moore to Miss Lelia Carter.  
Gus Crouch to Miss Grace Asbridge.

## Free Sample Aids Old Men

The sudden change from years of activity of both body and mind to the quiet of later years causes the human system to undergo many changes, chief of which is in the digestive organs.

It becomes harder and harder to get the bowels to move promptly and regularly and in consequence many elderly men suffer not only from the basic trouble, constipation, but from indigestion, headache, belching, sour stomach, drowsiness after eating and similar annoyances. It is first of all necessary to keep the bowels open and then to tone the digestive muscles so as to get them to again do their work naturally. A violent cathartic or purgative is not only unnecessary but harmful, and something mild will do the work just as well.

After you have got through experimenting with salts and pills and waters of various kinds, and have become convinced that they do only temporary good at best, then try Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a mild, gentle, pleasant-tasting laxative tonic that is especially adapted to the requirements of old people, women and children, and yet is effective enough for anybody. Your druggist, who has handled it successfully for a quarter of a century, will sell you a bottle for fifty cents or one dollar, but if you want to make a test of it before spending any money send your name and address to Dr. Caldwell and he will gladly send you a sample bottle free of charge.

This remedy is rapidly displacing all other forms of medication for the cure of stomach, liver and bowel trouble, and families like Mr. O. F. Wisner's of Sycamore, Ill. and Mrs. Carrie Collier's of 325 N. Notre Dame street, South Bend, Ind., are now never without it in the house. They have tested it and know its grand value to every member of the family.

Dr. Caldwell personally will be pleased to give you any medical advice you may desire for yourself or family pertaining to the stomach, liver or bowels absolutely free of charge. Explain your case in a letter and he will reply to you in detail. For the free sample simply send your name and address on a postal card or otherwise to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, R. 500 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

## CROSS LANE

Hello! Editor, if you don't think it a wee bit of sin,  
We'll just open the door and step right in.

Health is very good in this vicinity.  
Farmers are busy stripping tobacco.  
Bob Rankin moved on J. B. Rich's lease near Mt. Zion.

A large crowd attended Quarterly meeting at Mt. Zion Sunday.

The prayer meeting at the home of Jim O'Neal Wednesday night was attended by a large crowd.

Marshall Martin, of Illinois, has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Betty Nation.

Miss Bulah Nation has been visiting her brother, Clyde Nation, of the Rose Bud neighborhood.

Marvin Asher and Ira Robertson have exchanged farms.

Tom Williams hauled a load of tobacco to town Tuesday.

T. W. Crowell is contemplating moving on uncle Ira Bristo's place.

Mrs. Ellen Rich is on the sick list.

M. A. Truitt still makes his regular Sunday evening trips. What's the attraction, Marion?

Ranzy King and Miss Lula Hughes were married last Wednesday.

Bill Heath was seen passing through this neighborhood. We wonder where he went.

Luther Vaughn is growing a fine set of mustache—thinks he will clip them when warm weather comes.

Tobacco stripping has got to be a fad with women folks. J. B. Rich has plenty of help.

Ralph Williams is building a new house near Mt. Zion.

Prayer meeting at Mt. Zion every Saturday night.

All we hear are the merry chimes of the wedding bells.

## Letter From New Mexico.

Portales, N. Mex., Jan. 25, 1911.

Mr. S. M. Jenkins,  
Marion, Ky.

Dear Sir:—I think it about

# FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



**MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN**

The Life-Work of a Noble Woman.

The life of Mrs. John A. Logan, has been one of self-sacrifice, devotion, bravery and kindness, and she has endeared herself to the American people by her personality, her writings and her influence.

Born in Petersburg, Mo., in 1838, the eldest child in a family of thirteen, she early learned the cares and responsibilities of pioneer life. When she was a year old the family moved to Illinois, which was then only a territory, and it was here that her early years were spent with the exception of her school days at St. Vincent a Catholic academy at Morganfield, Ky.

When the Mexican war broke out her father was appointed Captain of a volunteer regiment and went to the front, and little Mary sent him her first letter, a childish scrawl. In his happiness he showed it to a young lieutenant in his regiment to whom he was greatly attached, and laughingly said: "You may have her." Years later the young lieutenant, John A. Logan, claimed of Captain Cunningham the fulfillment of his promise, though he was a rising lawyer of thirty when he was married and his young bride only seventeen.

As prosecuting attorney of the district he won rapid recognition, and in 1858 was elected to Congress, and on his re-election two years later, Mrs. Logan spent her first winter in Washington, and scarcely had they returned home when word came of the fall of Fort Sumter, and General Logan was forced to hurry back to the Capital for the extra session then convened. The dark days of war that followed proved the courage, patriotism and devotion of Mrs. Logan, who followed her husband to many a battle-field and endured, as thousands of other women did without a murmur, the privations and dangers of camp life.

When peace dawned again on the Nation, General Logan was elected to Congress and later to the Senate, and in the social and political life of Washington, Mrs. Logan carried her honors with an ease, grace and force that made her famous. On the death of her husband in 1886, after rallying from the paralysis of her sorrow, she began her literary life as editor of the "Home Magazine" in Washington, and in the intervals of her editorial work and her newspaper writing has found time for much philanthropic and charitable work, uniting in consecrated purpose the best that heart and hand can do for humanity. In 1904 she succeeded Miss Clara Barton as President of the Red Cross Society, a noble organization of consecrated service on the battlefield, and in all great national calamities and disasters, where the ministering hands of women can lighten the burden of suffering.

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## TRYING PLACE FOR LOVERS ONCE A ROBBERS DEN

Hopkinsville, K., Jan. 26.—Among the natural curiosities which abound in Kentucky none is more picturesque than Pilot Rock. Sixteen miles northeast of Hopkinsville, on the line separating the counties of Christian and Todd, it rears in rugged beauty its lofty head. From its summit on a clear day one can see the standpipe on waterworks hill and discern as a doll-house the main building of McLean College, while for miles and miles around spread a ravishing vision of sylvan loveliness.

Mute and majestic it rests up on an elevated plain, its base covering two acres of ground and towering upward an uneven pyramid it reaches a height of more than 200 feet. Its level top of half an acre is bare save for hardy shrubs and clinging moss.

Legend, history and romance cluster around the rocks with almost the luxuriance of the vines and vegetables, pigmy pines and cedars which garb its sides. Here, years ago, when Kentucky was in truth a dark and bloody hunting ground, the Indians camped, and relics of their habitation are plentiful in the form of stone arrows and utensils and crude instruments of work and warfare. In pioneer days the rock had its value as a landmark and, visible for miles around, it stood a Gargantuan guide for travel to the early settlers.

There was a period of lawlessness in anti-bellum days, when bandits held sway terrorizing the people and Pilot Rock was a rendezvous of the robber bands. In later times moonshiners made frequent use of its clefts for playing the illegal trade. Now-a-days it is a mecca for sightseers and admirers of the beauties of nature and a magnet to all the picnic parties in the region. Sweethearts without number have plighted their troth as hand in hand they climbed its paths, and its exposed surface is a silhouette of lovers monograms, and at last, falling over a smooth,

Scores of marriages have been solemnized upon its summit. And, alas! it furnishes inspiration for the muse and amateur poets galore, who soulfully sing "O, thou—Rock!" the blank being supplied with such adjectives as "mighty," "majestic," "noble," "storm-swept," and "eternal."

Pilot Rock was the scene of a once popular novel, "Lonz Powers," the author of which was James Weir, of Owenboro, who attended school in Christian county several years when a youth. He devotes many pages to its description, a short excerpt of which follows: "It stands forth boldly and proudly from a level plain, rearing its cedar crowned head all green and young and lovely, as if in the springtide of youth, although as old as the world itself, and shooting its rugged summit far above the loftiest trees several hundred feet beyond the level surface of the green valley stretching in every direction around it. It stands there as it has stood for thousands and thousands of years, for it was old when the Pyramids of Egypt were in their infancy, fearlessly undergoing the fierce, wild strife of winds and storms, uninjured, unworn and unshaken; and there it will continue, the wonder and amazement of puny man, until he who reared it as a slight monument of His omnipotent power, shall hurl this hitherto unshaken mass of nature's masonry from its massive foundation."

On the one side for miles and miles you behold the green waving carpet, formed by the tangled matted tops of the forest, dotted here and there with hill and dale; on the other you catch sight of a little river, shining and glittering through the waving leaves, and winding like an immense silvery serpent. Beyond this little river, dancing in the sunlight, you behold a beautiful mountain stream, springing and leaping through immense dizzy cliffs of gray limestone, decked with cedar and wild ivy, and at last, falling over a smooth,

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**M. NEY SMITH, M. D.,** 1126 1/2 N. OLIVE ST. ST. LOUIS, MO.

time for me write to the dear old Record-Press and renew my subscription again for another year. You will find enclosed check for one dollar. So keep sending the good old paper.

Everything looks good in New Mexico for it is snowing as hard as it can, for this is the first snow we have had since Oct. 20, 1910, and everybody would be glad to see a good snow or rain and then the farmers would go to work preparing for the next crop.

The crop season in parts of New Mexico, Texas and Okla., was a bumper, and other places not so good, what I would say, nearly nothing. But it so happened that we were in what has been called "prosperity" and the crops of all kinds were fine but the prices are low and can't get much out of what we have to sell at present.

We all like New Mexico fine and never expect to return to old Kentucky to live for the west is good enough for me. There is always something to do or some place to go seven days out of the week especially while the people have nothing to do till it rains or snows. Last week the people near here, all gathered to gather and chose a captain on each side and then proceeded to hunt jack rabbits which are plentiful and the side that killed the least number of rabbits was to give an oyster supper to the winners. And of course everyone had a happy and an enjoyable time, if they didn't, it certainly was their fault.

I will close for this time, and will try to write more next time, but before I close I will give the following lines to publish if you have the room for them in your valuable paper:

The ties of friendship are strongest  
Out in New Mexico,  
And seems to last the longest  
Out in New Mexico,  
The sun, it shines the brightest  
And the corn, it grows the tallest,  
And our burdeas are the lightest,  
Out in New Mexico.

The soil it goes the deepest  
Out in New Mexico,  
And fertile land be had the cheapest,  
Out in New Mexico,  
The farmer is the gladdest  
While the "loafer" looks the saddest,  
And the "hobo" gets the maddest,  
Out in New Mexico.

The business men are the greatest,  
Out in New Mexico  
And their methods or the latest  
Out in New Mexico  
As to their needs they are well advised,  
They have their business well advertised  
But the grafter is most despised  
Out in New Mexico.

The moral standard is the highest  
Out in New Mexico  
And lawbreakers are the shyest,  
Out in New Mexico,  
The man who thinks he's slickest,  
Usually gets caught the quickest  
And is made to feel the sickest,  
Out in New Mexico.

They will treat you the squarest  
Out in New Mexico,  
And "dead-beats" are the rarest,  
Out in New Mexico  
Wives and sweethearts are the truest  
And failures are the fewest,  
But old bachelors looks the bluest,  
Out in New Mexico.

—E. H. NewCom.